TIME-TRAVEL WITH DOCTOR WHO!

TV COMIC

10p

No. 1423

Every Friday. 23rd March, 1979

Inside.... Excitement With—

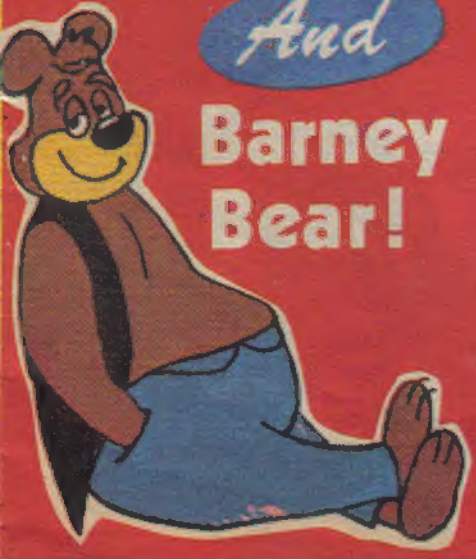
CHARLIE'S ANGELS

Chuckle With...

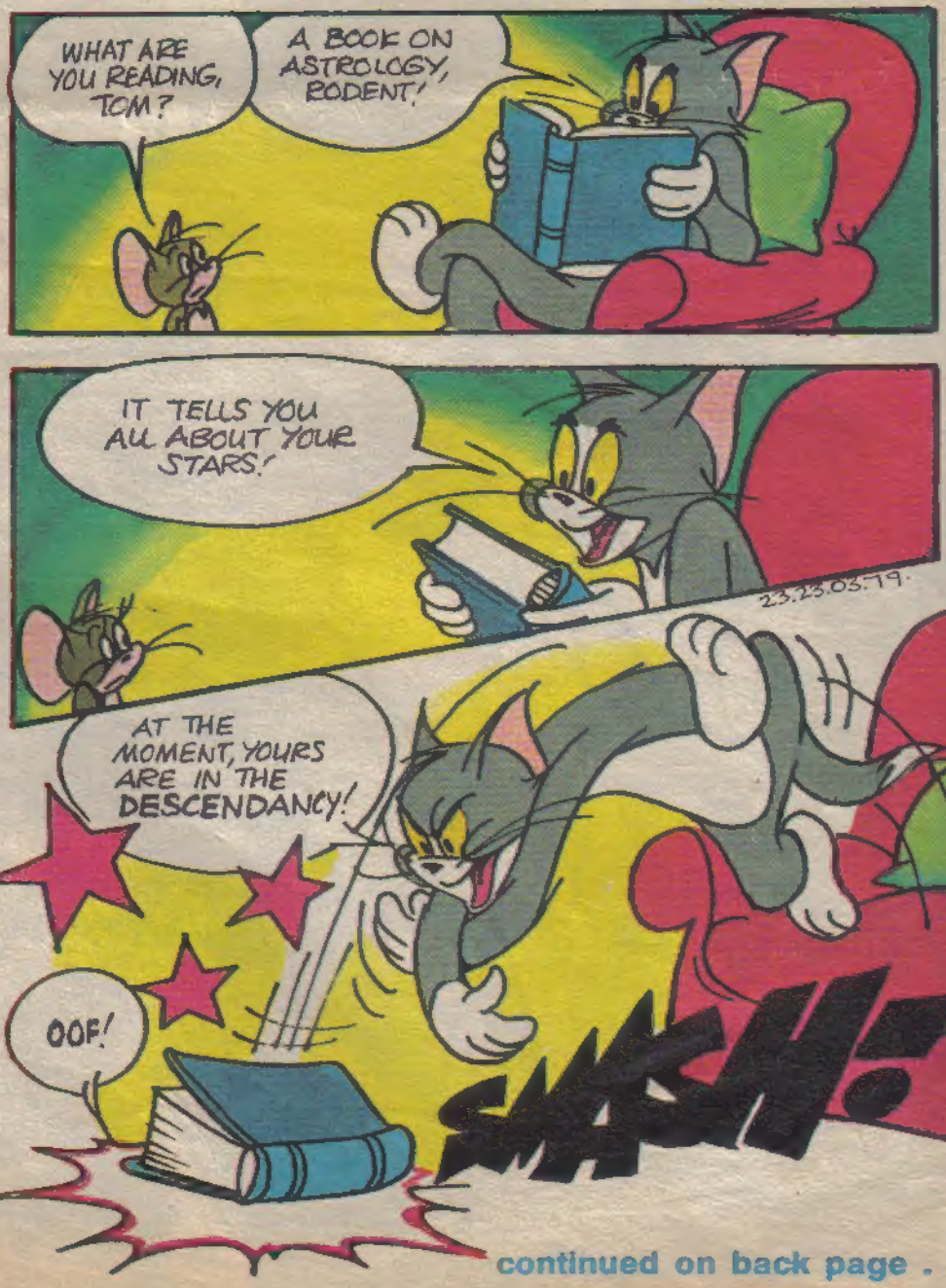
BUZBY, Pink Panther

And

Barney Bear!



TOM and JERRY


WHAT ARE YOU READING, TOM?
A BOOK ON ASTROLOGY, RODENT!
IT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT YOUR STARS!
23.23.03.79.
AT THE MOMENT, YOURS ARE IN THE DESCENDANCY!
OOF!
SMASH!

continued on back page . . .

Kris tracks down the Sheriff!

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

CHARLIE'S ANGELS AND BOSLEY ARE INVESTIGATING DANGEROUS MISHAPS AT THE 'T' SPREAD HOLIDAY RANCH, AND ONLY MANAGER GLEN MORGAN KNOWS THEY ARE DETECTIVES. THEIR OWN NEAR-MISSES MAKE KRIS SUSPICIOUS...
WELL, IF IT'S NOT MISTER MORGAN... ALL GUN-SMOKE AND SHERIFF FASHION. IN ALL BEST TV FILMS THEY MAKE A NIGHTLY PATROL!
BUT RIDING OFF ISN'T PART OF THE ACT, SHERIFF MORGAN, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW. YES SIRREE, FOLLOW THAT HORSE!

CALLING ANGELS! YOUR CHANCE TO CHECK MORGAN'S OFFICE! HE'S OUT... I'M AFTER HIM. OVER AND OUT!
AAH! I'VE SLIPPED! LOOSE SCREE...
IT'LL BE QUIETER TO FOOT IT NOW. WHAT'S HE UP TO?
OH, NO! HE'S HEARD ME. THE BOULDER...!

I RECEIVED A NOTE TELLING ME TO COME HERE. MORE OF A THREAT!
I NEVER SENT IT. LOOK, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WE'RE DETECTIVES... AND WE'VE ALL HAD NEAR-MISSES.

I'VE TOLD NO ONE! I NEVER CAUSED ANY ACCIDENTS. SOMEONE MEANS TO PUT ME UNDER SUSPICION. SURE, I ROLLED THE BOULDER BUT TO PROTECT MYSELF!

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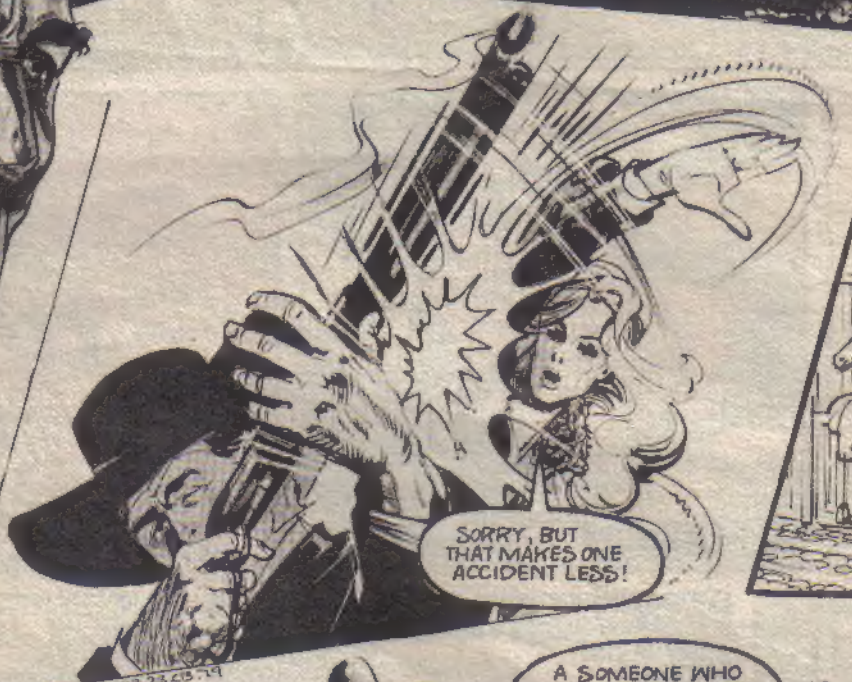
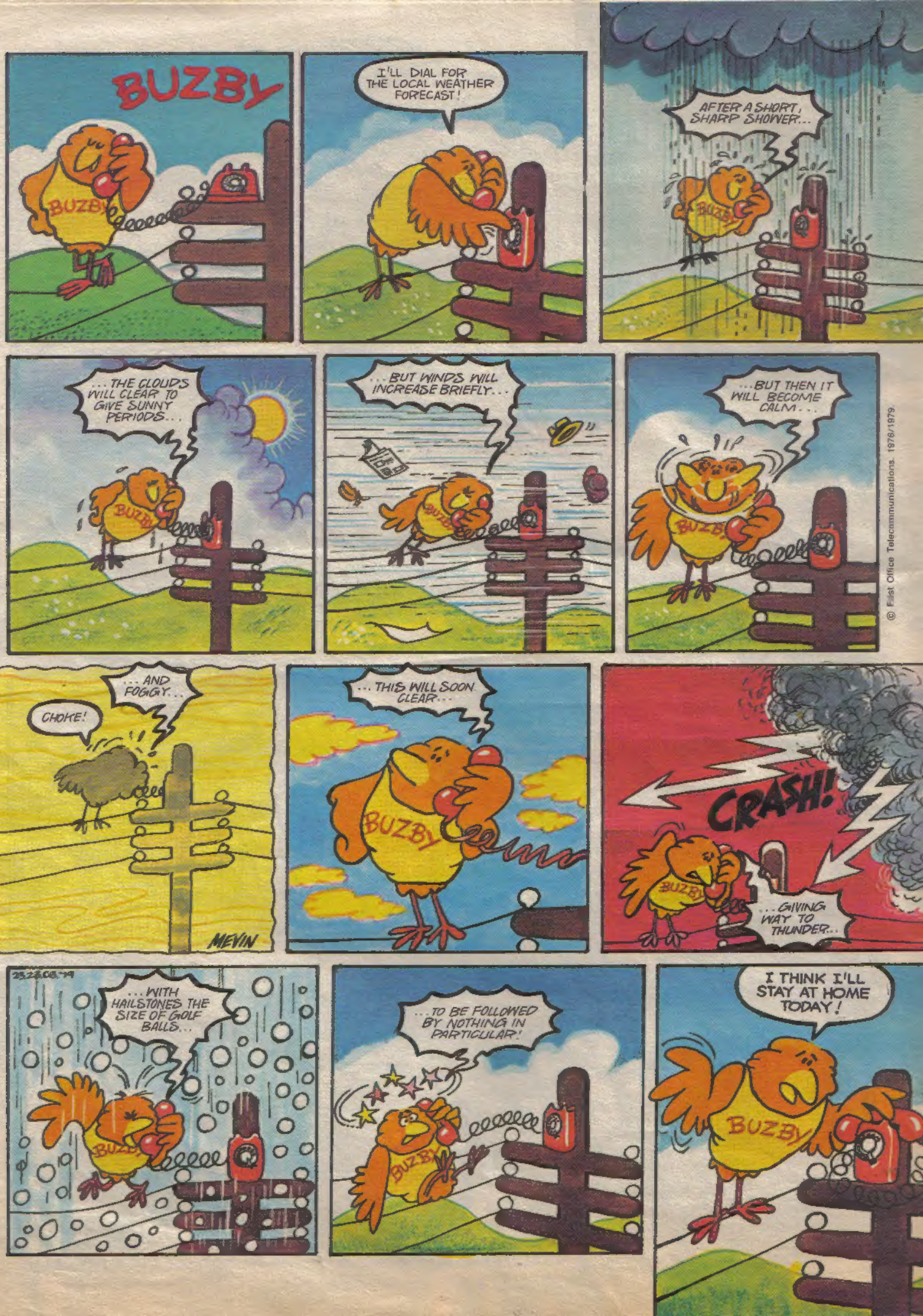
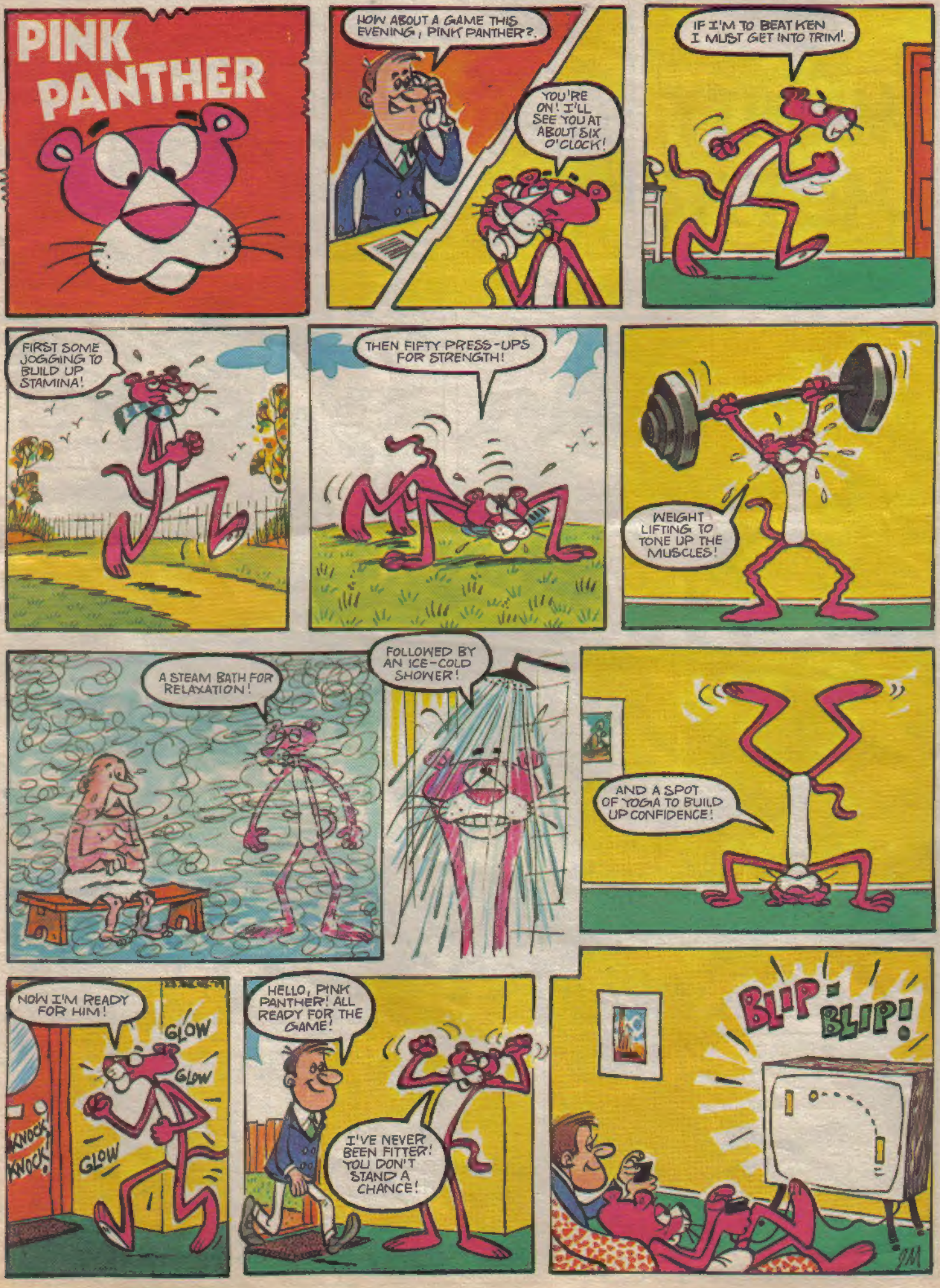


KRIS RETURNED TO THE STABLES...
A THIRD HORSE... IT MUST BE THE MYSTERY RIDER'S. HALLO, HE CUT OR GRAZED HIS HAND. THIS BLOOD NEVER CAME FROM THE HORSE!

A SOMEONE WHO GRAZED HIS HAND. WE'D BETTER START CHECKING!
BAR
WE SEARCHED MORGAN'S OFFICE LAST NIGHT! IT WAS BUGGED! THAT'S HOW SOMEONE LEARNED WE'RE DETECTIVES.

Next week: A shoot-out on the Ranch for the Angels!


BUZBY
I'LL DIAL FOR THE LOCAL WEATHER FORECAST!
AFTER A SHORT, SHARP SHOWER...
...THE CLOUDS WILL CLEAR TO GIVE SUNNY PERIODS...
...BUT WINDS WILL INCREASE BRIEFLY...
...BUT THEN IT WILL BECOME CALM...
© First Office Telecommunications. 1976/1979.
...AND FOGGY...
CHOKE!
MEVIN
...THIS WILL SOON CLEAR...
CRASH!
...GIVING WAY TO THUNDER...
...WITH HAILSTONES THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS...
...TO BE FOLLOWED BY NOTHING IN PARTICULAR!
I THINK I'LL STAY AT HOME TODAY!


PINK PANTHER
HOW ABOUT A GAME THIS EVENING, PINK PANTHER?
YOU'RE ON! I'LL SEE YOU AT ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK!
IF I'M TO BEAT KEN I MUST GET INTO TRIM!
FIRST SOME JOGGING TO BUILD UP STAMINA!
THEN FIFTY PRESS-UPS FOR STRENGTH!
WEIGHT LIFTING TO TONE UP THE MUSCLES!
A STEAM BATH FOR RELAXATION!
FOLLOWED BY AN ICE-COLD SHOWER!
AND A SPOT OF YOGA TO BUILD UP CONFIDENCE!
NOW I'M READY FOR HIM!
GLOW
GLOW
GLOW
KNOCK KNOCK!
HELLO, PINK PANTHER! ALL READY FOR THE GAME!
I'VE NEVER BEEN FITTER! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
BLIP-BLIP!

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MIGHTY MOTH
TAKE THAT, YOU GREEDY INSECT!
WHACK!
SUITS DON'T GROW ON TREES YOU KNOW!
BUT THEY DO, DAD – I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IF YOU LET ME FINISH EATING THAT SUIT!
IS THAT MARTIN MOTH? – HE'S FALLEN FOR MY TRICK! WE'RE COMING ROUND NOW SO GET THINGS READY!
OKAY, MIGHTY.
LATER...
THERE, DAD – SUIT PLANTS! THEY GROW OVERNIGHT.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I'LL PROVE IT! FOR £5 YOU CAN HAVE THESE SPECIAL SUIT BUTTONS. PLANT THEM IN THE GARDEN AND TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE SUIT PLANTS!
BACK HOME...
TEE-HEE! HE'S FALLEN FOR IT! WHAT A MUG!
DURING THE NIGHT...
THESE SUITS I BOUGHT WITH DAD'S £5 SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
NEXT MORNING...
THEY'VE GROWN! I MUST RING THE TV PEOPLE! THIS WILL CAUSE A SENSATION!
HERE WE ARE IN DAD'S GARDEN. HE CLAIMS HE CAN GROW SUIT PLANTS AND WILL NOW GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION...
TV
WELL VIEWERS, THE BUTTONS ARE PLANTED – WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!
NEXT DAY...
B...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
BAH! IT WAS ALL A HOAX!
TV
YOU LITTLE ROTTER! YOU'VE MADE A FOOL OF ME IN FRONT OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS!
TV
I'LL...ER...DIG DOWN TO THE BUTTONS TO FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!
23-28-05-74
HEY! COME BACK!
WE KNOW YOU'RE DOWN THERE! COME OUT AND TAKE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
HO! HO! HO! IT 'SUITS' ME IF HE STAYS DOWN THERE ALL DAY!

Barney Bear
DON'T CALL OUT THE DOCTOR WITHOUT GOOD REASON
NO SMOKING
NEXT!
SURGERY
PUFF! PUFF!
WHY ARE YOU PUFFING?
WELL, IT'S QUITE A LONG WALK FROM THAT WAITING ROOM!
YOU'RE UNFIT!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SOME OF THAT FAT! I SUGGEST YOU TAKE UP JOGGING!
JOGGING?
YES! I DO IT MYSELF, AND LOOK HOW FIT I AM!
SO, THAT NIGHT...
I FEEL A BIT DAFT, BUT NOBODY WILL SEE ME JOGGING IN THE DARK!
THUNK!
NEXT MORNING...
I'D BETTER GO TO THE DOCTOR AND GET PATCHED-UP!
MEVIN
SO...
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN, DOCTOR, BUT SOME IDIOT BUMPED INTO ME WHEN I WAS OUT JOGGING LAST NIGHT AND...
ER... MAYBE I'D BETTER COME BACK LATER...

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Trapped by the power of a super-stone!

DR WHO
Moon Exploration
Dr Who and C.I.A. agent, Harry Godino, have entered the burial place of 'The Lords of the Ether'. Harry ignores the tomb warning and pockets a magnificent gem stone. . . .
OOOOOHH!
GOOD GRIEF!
THE FOOL! HE MUST HAVE POCKETED SOMETHING. IF I TRY TO REMOVE IT, AM I ALSO CONDEMNED TO THE SAME PUNISHMENT?
EVEN SO, THE DOCTOR QUASHES SUCH THOUGHTS AND ACTS...
SO THERE IS THE ANSWER. HERE GOES...
AAAAGH!
HOW LONG HE HAS BEEN UNCONSCIOUS IS A MYSTERY TO THE TIME TRAVELLER, BUT WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN...
M-MY HAND IS STILL NUMB! MUST BE SOME SORT OF VIOLENT SHOCK TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. HARRY MUST HAVE SUFFERED IT BODILY.
HMMM... A DEEP COMA. I SHOULD GET HIM BACK TO THE TARDIS, BUT WILL THEY FORGIVE US? FROM NOW ON I'M ON MY OWN AND I HAVE TO ACT FAST!
THERE MUST BE A WAY OF CONTACTING THEM SOMEHOW!
A SEARCH OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER REWARDS THE DOCTOR WITH ANOTHER SET OF CRYTOGRAPHICS WHICH HE PATIENTLY TRANSLATES...
'ACROSS THE LIMITS OF TIME AND SPACE REACHES OUR HAND TO THOSE THAT ARE WELL MEANING...AHA! I THINK I'VE FOUND WHAT I NEED...
23.2.3.08.79.

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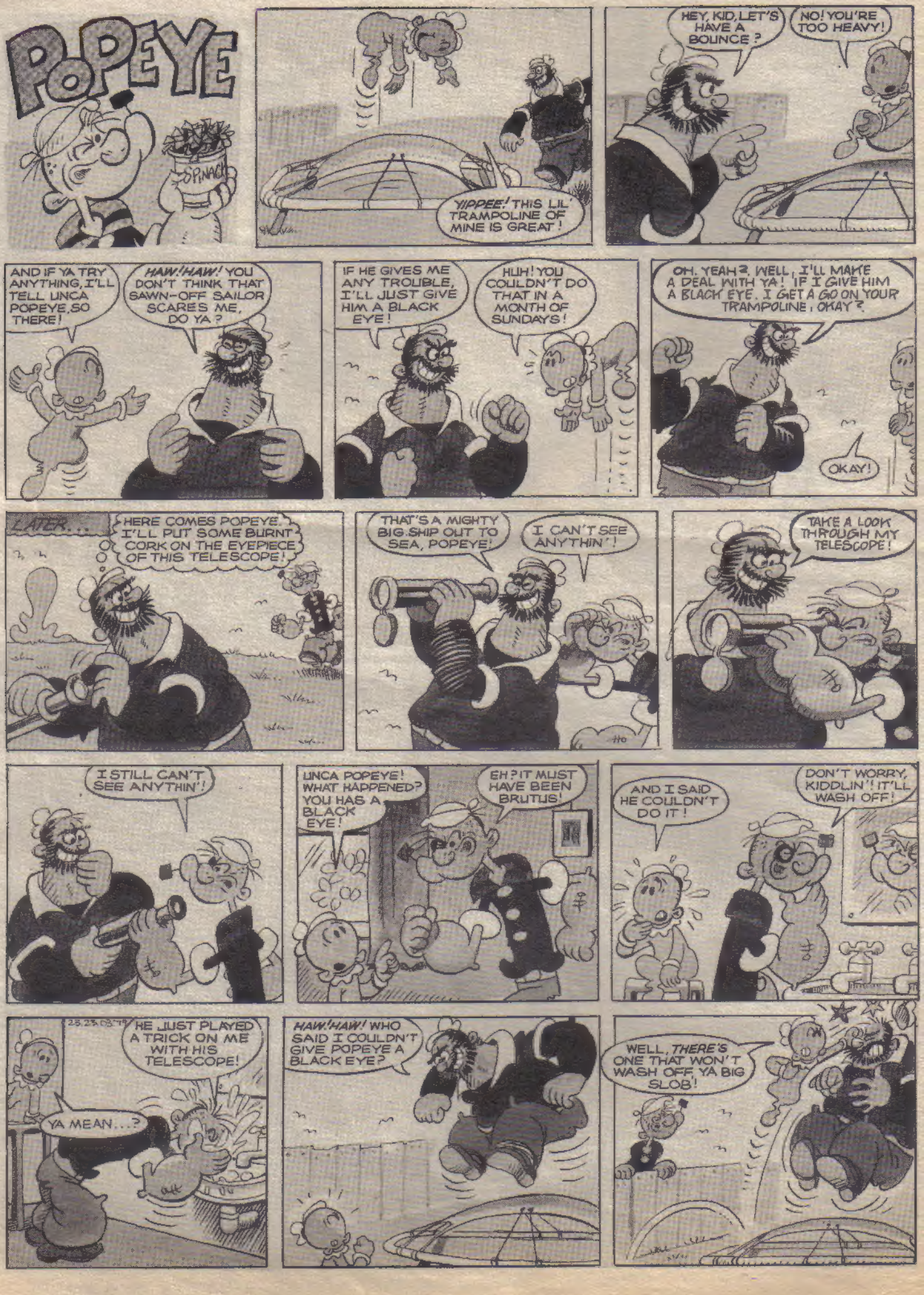
AND SO HE FOLLOWS THE ANCIENT INSTRUCTIONS...
I GREET THE LORDS OF THE ETHER AND BEG THEIR ASSISTANCE!
THE DOCTOR EXPERIENCES A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION IN HIS HANDS, AND SUDDENLY...
WHO SUMMONS THE LORDS OF THE ETHER?
THEY CALL ME THE DOCTOR. I AM ONE OF THE RACE KNOWN AS THE TIME LORDS AND DWELL ON THE LESSER PLANET EARTH.
THE DOCTOR BRIEFLY OUTLINES THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB BY THE ACHILLES ASTRONAUTS, AND THE EAGERNESS OF EARTH GOVERNMENTS TO LEARN MORE...
YOU HAVE DONE US A GREAT SERVICE, TIME LORD. REMOVE YOURSELF AND THE EARTHLING FROM THE TOMB AND WE SHALL ACT!
THANK YOU!
INCREDIBLY, WHEN HARRY GODINO RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
HOW COME YOU'RE SITTING OUT HERE, SON?
WELL, LAST TIME I REMEMBER ANYTHING I WAS ON...
JEEPERS! IF I TELL HIM I WAS ON THE MOON, HE'LL THINK I'M CRAZY!
WHAT'S MORE, CAN I BE SURE I WAS? WAS IT ALL A DREAM?
YOU WERE SAYING, SON?
ER... I WAS ON... ER... A HORSE!
AND DRIFTING IN SPACE...
POOR HARRY! I DIDN'T LIKE LEAVING HIM THERE, BUT I THINK IT'S BETTER IN THE LONG RUN. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED ON THE MOON?
23 23 03 '79
THE ANSWER COMES MANY MONTHS LATER WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN AMERICAN LUNAR EXPLORATION VEHICLE...
THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL LANDING, HOUSTON. RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
OKAY, INVESTIGATOR. WE'LL DO A SYSTEMS CHECK AND YOU GUYS CAN REST UP FOR THE BIG DAY!
BUT WHEN NEXT DAY ARRIVES...
ABSOLUTELY NEGATIVE, CONTROL!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU MUST BE OUT. LOOK FOR THE FOOTMARKS AND THE OLD ACHILLES GEAR!
IT'S CRAZY! IT'S AS IF THE ENTIRE SITE HAS BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY CLEANED!
AND OUT IN DEEP SPACE...
I THINK IT WOULD BE ADVISABLE FOR ME TO STAY AWAY FROM EARTH UNTIL THINGS DIE DOWN A LITTLE!

A new exciting adventure begins next week!


POPEYE
SPINACH
YIPPEE! THIS LIL' TRAMPOLINE OF MINE IS GREAT!
HEY, KID, LET'S HAVE A BOUNCE?
NO! YOU'RE TOO HEAVY!
AND IF YA TRY ANYTHING, I'LL TELL LINCA POPEYE, SO THERE!
HAW! HAW! YOU DON'T THINK THAT SAWN-OFF SAILOR SCARES ME, DO YA?
IF HE GIVES ME ANY TROUBLE, I'LL JUST GIVE HIM A BLACK EYE!
HUH! YOU COULDN'T DO THAT IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!
OH, YEAH? WELL, I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YA! IF I GIVE HIM A BLACK EYE, I GET A GO ON YOUR TRAMPOLINE, OKAY?
OKAY!
LATER...
HERE COMES POPEYE. I'LL PUT SOME BURNT CORK ON THE EYEPIECE OF THIS TELESCOPE!
THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG SHIP OUT TO SEA, POPEYE!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHIN'!
TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY TELESCOPE!
I STILL CAN'T SEE ANYTHIN'!
LINCA POPEYE! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU HAS A BLACK EYE!
EH? IT MUST HAVE BEEN BRUTUS!
AND I SAID HE COULDN'T DO IT!
DON'T WORRY, KIDDLIN'! IT'LL WASH OFF!
HE JUST PLAYED A TRICK ON ME WITH HIS TELESCOPE!
YA MEAN...?
HAW! HAW! WHO SAID I COULDN'T GIVE POPEYE A BLACK EYE?
WELL, THERE'S ONE THAT WON'T WASH OFF, YA BIG SLOB!

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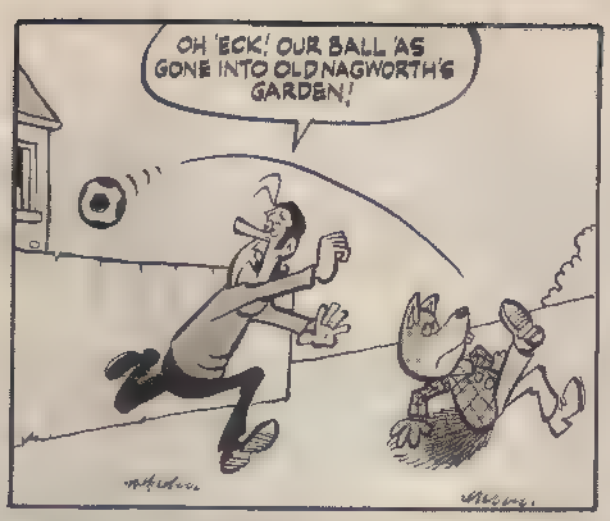
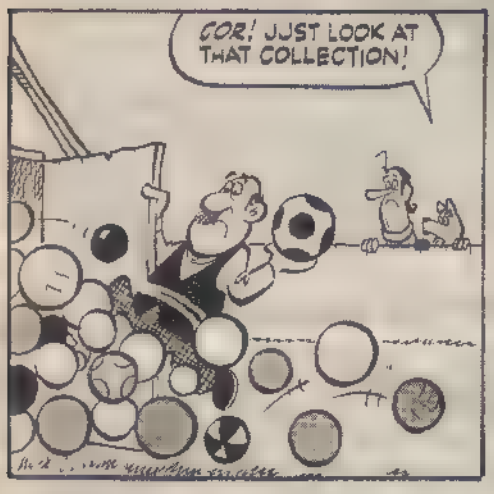
BASIL BRUSH


OH 'ECK! OUR BALL 'AS GONE INTO OLD NAGWORTH'S GARDEN!

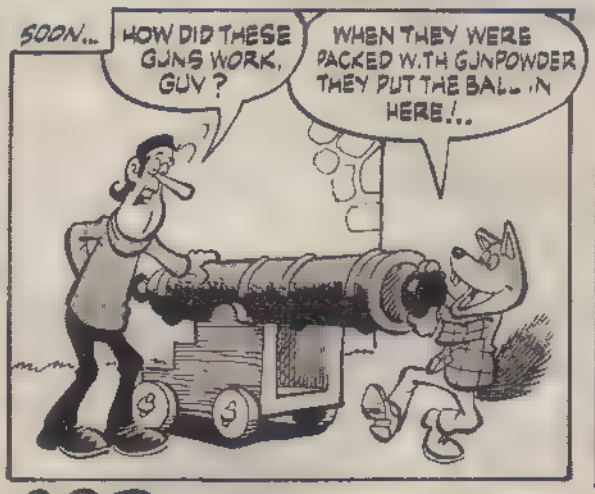
CAN WE HAVE OUR BALL BACK, MR. NAGWORTH ?
NO! IT CAN GO IN THE SHED W.TH ALL THE OTHERS!

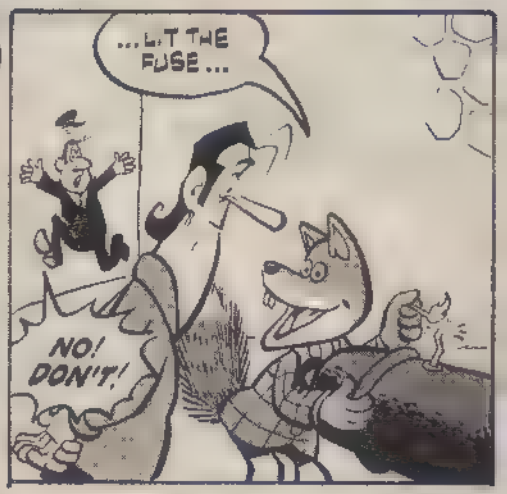

COR! JUST LOOK AT THAT COLLECTION!

OH, WELL! WE CAN'T PLAY FOOTBALL!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE OLD CASTLE. THEY'RE HAVING A BIG D.SPLAY THERE TOMORROW!

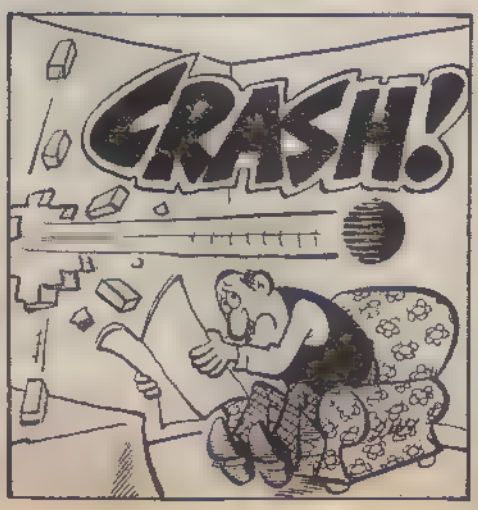
MEANWHILE...
I'D BETTER TEST THIS CANNON. IT'S SUPPOSED TO F.RE BLANKS AT THE DISP.AY!
CRUMBLE CASTLE
OPENING TIMES
GUN POWDER

I'VE LEFT THE BLANKS IN MY OFFICE!


SOON...
HOW DID THESE GUNS WORK, GUV ?
WHEN THEY WERE PACKED W.TH GUNPOWDER THEY PUT THE BALL IN HERE!..


...L.T THE FUSE...
NO! DON'T!

23 23 03 79
BANG!

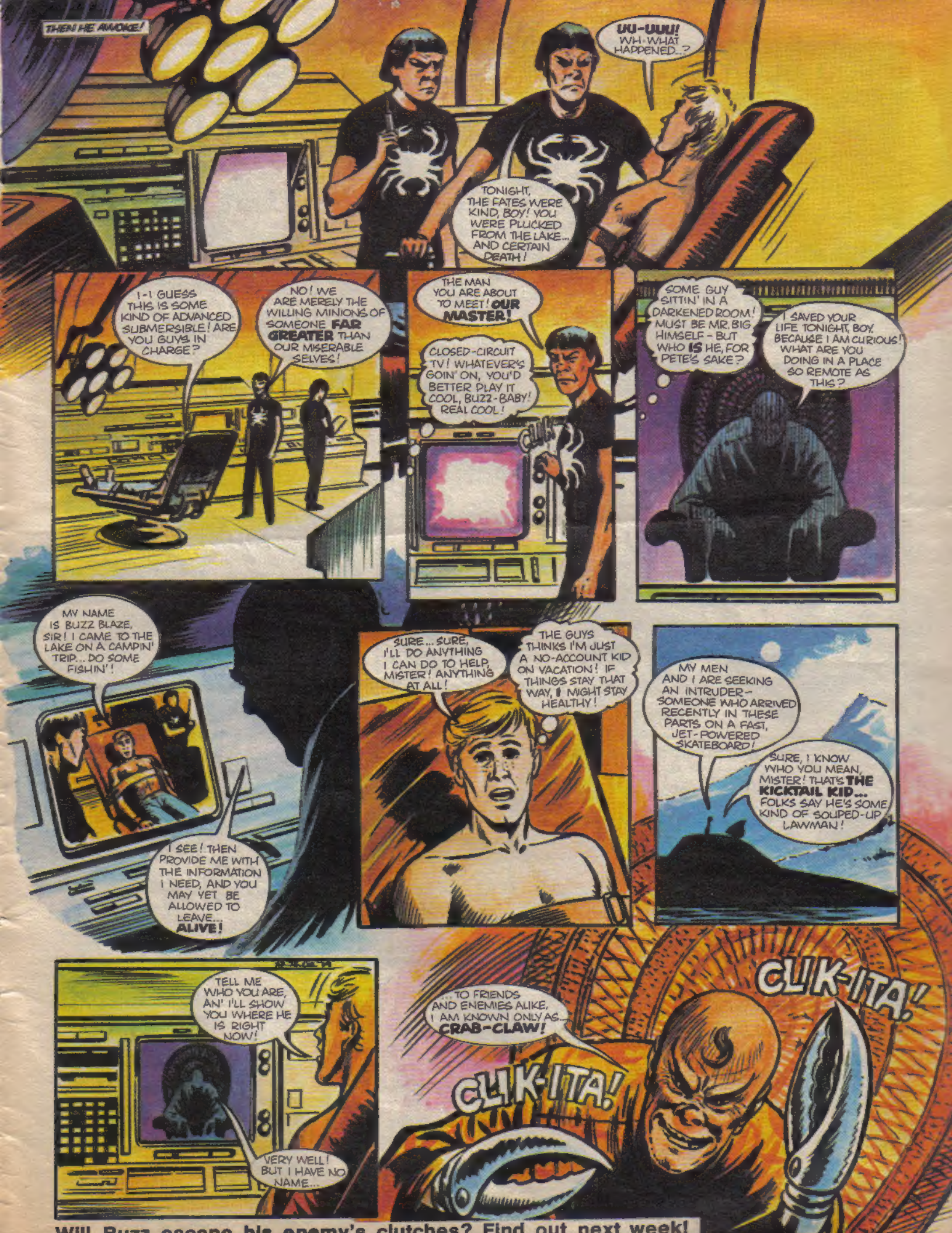

CRASH!

SOON...
I DARE YOU TO GO AND ASK FOR OUR CANNON BALL BACK, GUV?

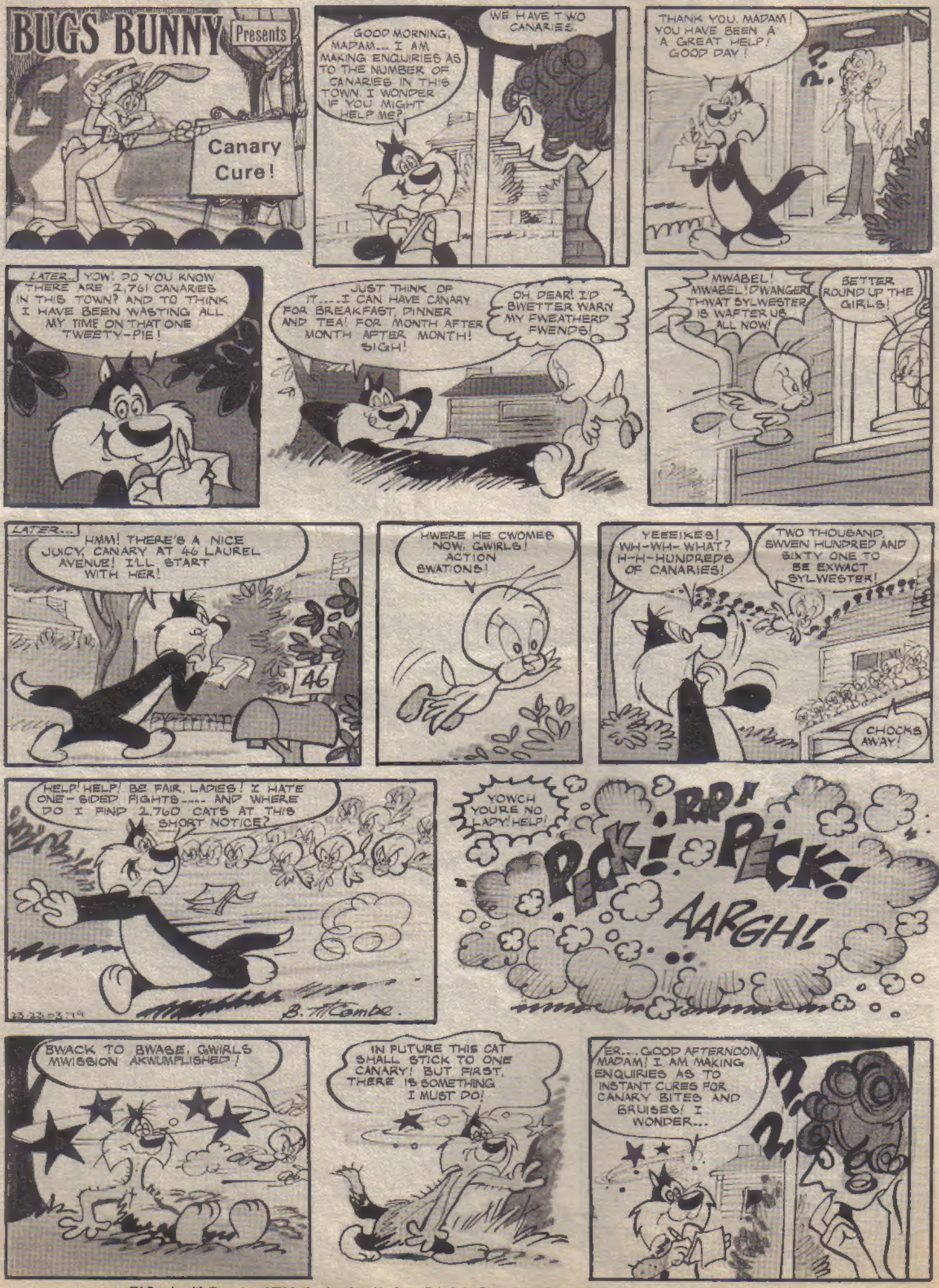
A reprieve from death for Buzz!

BUZZ BLAZE as... The KICKTAIL KID

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING, ANIMALS, BIRDS AND MEN WERE BEING DECIMATED BY A MYSTERIOUS DEATH-RAY WHICH ORIGINATED FROM A LAKE. BUZZ BLAZE - THE KICKTAIL KID - WAS DIVING TO INVESTIGATE WHEN A HUGE ELECTRICAL CHARGE PULSATED THROUGH THE WATER
GNAIEEEEEE!
BLASTED TO INSENSIBILITY, WATER POURING INTO HIS LUNGS, BUZZ WAS LESS THAN THIRTY SECONDS FROM DEATH
WHEN SUDDENLY
VICTIM SIGHTED! MALE CAUCASIAN, AGE APPROXIMATELY 14 YEARS! IDENTITY UNKNOWN!
VERY WELL! RETRIEVE!
SSHNUURR!
WHIRRRR!
SNUK!
CLUK!
FOR BUZZ BLAKE, TIME HAD CEASED TO EXIST! IN HIS NUMBED BRAIN, THERE WERE ONLY LIGHTS - WHIRLING LIGHTS! AND EYES! SINISTER, SLANTED LEERING EYES.


THEN! HE AWOKE!
UU-UUU! WH-WHAT HAPPENED..?
TONIGHT, THE FATES WERE KIND, BOY! YOU WERE PLUCKED FROM THE LAKE... AND CERTAIN DEATH!
I-I GUESS THIS IS SOME KIND OF ADVANCED SUBMERSIBLE! ARE YOU GUYS IN CHARGE?
NO! WE ARE MERELY THE WILLING MINIONS OF SOMEONE FAR GREATER THAN OUR MISERABLE SELVES!
THE MAN YOU ARE ABOUT TO MEET! OUR MASTER!
CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV! WHATEVER'S GOIN' ON, YOU'D BETTER PLAY IT COOL, BUZZ-BABY! REAL COOL!
SOME GUY SITTIN' IN A DARKENED ROOM! MUST BE MR. BIG HIMSELF - BUT WHO IS HE, FOR PETE'S SAKE?
I SAVED YOUR LIFE TONIGHT, BOY. BECAUSE I AM CURIOUS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN A PLACE SO REMOTE AS THIS?
MY NAME IS BUZZ BLAZE, SIR! I CAME TO THE LAKE ON A CAMPIN' TRIP... DO SOME FISHIN'!
I SEE! THEN PROVIDE ME WITH THE INFORMATION I NEED, AND YOU MAY YET BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE... ALIVE!
SURE... SURE, I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP, MISTER! ANYTHING AT ALL!
THE GUYS THINKS I'M JUST A NO-ACCOUNT KID ON VACATION! IF THINGS STAY THAT WAY, I MIGHT STAY HEALTHY!
MY MEN AND I ARE SEEKING AN INTRUDER - SOMEONE WHO ARRIVED RECENTLY IN THESE PARTS ON A FAST, JET-POWERED SKATEBOARD!
SURE, I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN, MISTER! THAT'S THE KICKTAIL KID... FOLKS SAY HE'S SOME KIND OF SOUPED-UP LAWMAN!
TELL ME WHO YOU ARE, AN' I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW!
VERY WELL! BUT I HAVE NO NAME...
...TO FRIENDS AND ENEMIES ALIKE, I AM KNOWN ONLY AS... CRAB-CLAW!
CLIK-ITA!
CLIK-ITA!

Will Buzz escape his enemy's clutches? Find out next week!


BUGS BUNNY Presents
Canary Cure!
GOOD MORNING, MADAM... I AM MAKING ENQUIRIES AS TO THE NUMBER OF CANARIES IN THIS TOWN. I WONDER IF YOU MIGHT HELP ME?
WE HAVE TWO CANARIES.
THANK YOU, MADAM! YOU HAVE BEEN A A GREAT HELP! GOOD DAY!
LATER... YOW! DO YOU KNOW THERE ARE 2,761 CANARIES IN THIS TOWN? AND TO THINK I HAVE BEEN WASTING ALL MY TIME ON THAT ONE TWEETY-PIE!
JUST THINK OF IT....I CAN HAVE CANARY FOR BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA! FOR MONTH AFTER MONTH AFTER MONTH! SIGH!
OH DEAR! I'D BWETTER WARN MY FWEATHERD FWENDS!
MWABEL! MWABEL! DWANGER THWAT SYLWESTER IS WAFTER US ALL NOW!
BETTER ROUND UP THE GIRLS!
LATER... HMM! THERE'S A NICE JUICY CANARY AT 46 LAUREL AVENUE! I'LL START WITH HER!
46
HWERE HE CWOMES NOW, GWIRLS! ACTION SWATIONS!
YEEEIKES! WH-WH-WHAT? H-H-HUNDREDS OF CANARIES!
TWO THOUSAND, SWVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY ONE TO BE EXWACT SYLWESTER!
CHOCKS AWAY!
HELP! HELP! BE FAIR, LADIES! I HATE ONE-SIDED FIGHTS---- AND WHERE DO I FIND 2,760 CATS AT THIS SHORT NOTICE?
B. McCombe
YOWCH YOU'RE NO LADY! HELP!
RIP! PICK! PICK! AARGH!
BWACK TO BWASE, GWIRLS MWISSION AKWUMPLISHED!
IN FUTURE THIS CAT SHALL STICK TO ONE CANARY! BUT FIRST, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST DO!
ER....GOOD AFTERNOON, MADAM! I AM MAKING ENQUIRIES AS TO INSTANT CURES FOR CANARY BITES AND BRUISES! I WONDER...

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THE INCREDIBLE BULK

HAVING HOPPED INTO A HOLE TO GET HIMSELF OUT OF ONE, SPOTTY HERBERT, THE WEEDY, LONG HOOTERED YOUTH WITH A LIKING FOR SHERBET, HAPPILY TROTTED AWAY FROM OUTSIDE THE TRANSYLVANIAN EMBASSY...

TEE! HEE! THE COPS MISTOOK THAT BIG BLOKE WHO CAME OUT OF THE BUILDING FOR THE BULK WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO POOTLE BACK TO SCHOOL!

BUT BEFORE HE REACHED THE NEXT CORNER...

YOU LOT HAVE GOT BORIS BUT WE'VE GOT YOU!

LATER, BACK IN THE EMBASSY...

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THE CORRIDOR?

THE SECRET POLICE ARE TRYING TO MAKE THE UNDER COVER AGENT WE CAUGHT, TALK!

IT WASN'T SPOTTY WHO WAS DOING THE HOLLERING...

THERE IS NOTHING ON THE SCREEN OF THE MIND READING MACHINE!

WE HAFF DRAWN ANOTHER BLANK!

THIS BUGGING DEVICE HIS EXCELLENCY TOLD ME TO GIFF OLGA! WHEN IT IS INSIDE HIM GO AND FOLLOW HIM TO THOSE HE IS WORKING FOR!

THIS FIZZY DRINK WILL HELP HIM TO SWALLOW IT!

(BURP!) COO! THAT TASTED LIKE SHERBERT!

AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO SPOTTY HERBERT WHEN HE SWALLOWS SHERBET...

DER! I AM DER INCREDIBLE BULK AGAIN!

CLOTS! YOU HAFF FED HIM THE MICRO DOTS WITH THE MILITARY SECRETS OLGA WAS TO TAKE BACK TO OUR COUNTRY! THEY WERE IN THE BLEEPER!

NOW HE TELLS US!

BUNGLING FOOLS! I'LL BANG YOUR STUPID HEADS TOGETHER!

DER! MY TURN FIRST! YOU CAN HAVE A BASH LATER, MATE!

IT'S THE BULK!

COR! MORE OF THIS EXCITING SAGA NEXT WEEK, WHEN THE BULK GOES ON THE BLEEP.

WHAT'S THE BOOK ABOUT, TOM?
ER-ASTROLOGY, BUTCH-YOUR FUTURE AND ALL THAT....
...WHAT SIGN ARE YOU, BUTCH?
ER, LEO I THINK!
IT SAYS YOU HAVE A TENDENCY TO HATE CATS.'
THAT'S TRUE! THAT'S TRUE!
BUT IT SAYS THAT YOU MUSTN'T...
WHO SHOULD I HATE THEN, CAT?-ER I MEAN TOM?
WELL IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU SHOULD HATE MICE!
HEE! HEE! WHAT A DOPE!
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HALLO, BUTCH LOOKS WHAT TOM'S DONE-HE'S FLATTENED ME!
GOOD! I HATE MOUSES TOO!
STAMP!
NO YOU DON'T, BUTCH YOU'RE A TAURIAN — YOU LOVE MOUSES AND HATE CATSES.'
SO!
AS I THOUGHT! IT SAYS HEEE THAT YOU HAVE A TENDENCY TOWARDS BEING BASHED BY DOGS.'
C'MERE, CAT! SHOW ME THAT BOOK — I'M GONNA LOOK UP YOUR STARS — WHAT ARE YOU ANYWAY?
ER, GEMINI.
ASTROLOGY FOR BEGINNERS
AND THAT YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR.' HEH! HEH!
BASH!
HEE! HEE! TOM'S STARS ARE IN THE ASCENDANCY THIS WEEK!